Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre company?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then doomeſday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Ro. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtearmd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude vnthankefulneſſe,
Thy falt our law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to baniſhment.

This is deare mercy, and tho
Ro Tis torture and not me
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery
And little mouſe, euery vnw
Liue here in heauen and may
But *Romeo* may not. More va
More honourable ſtate, mor
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: t
On the white wonder of dea
And ſteale immortall bleſſing
Who euen in pure and veſta
Still bluſh, as thinking their
This may flies doe, when I fi
And ſaiſt thou yet, that exile
But *Romeo* may not, hee is ba
Flies may doe this, but I fro
They are freemen, but I am
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt
No ſudden meane of death, t
But baniſhed to kill me: Bani
O Frier, the damned vſe that
Howling attends it, how haſ
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly co
A ſin obſoluer, and my friend
To mangle me with that wo
Fri. Then fond mad man, h
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake a
Fri. Ile giue thee armour
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Ph
To comfort thee though tho
Ro. Yet baniſhed? hang vp
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can ma
Diſplant a towne, reuerſe a P
It helpes not, it preuailes no
Fri. O then I ſee, that ma
Ro. How ſhould they, wh

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